

## THE DAILY BEE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Daily (Morning Edition) including Sunday  
By Mail, in Advance, for Six Months \$10.00  
By Mail, in Advance, for Three Months \$5.00  
By Mail, in Advance, for One Month \$1.50  
The Omaha Daily Bee, mailed to any address, One Year, \$15.00

OMAHA OFFICE, NO. 10 AND 12 FARMAN STREET,  
NEW YORK OFFICE, 100 N. BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
WASHINGTON OFFICE, 505 FORTNEY STREET.

CORRESPONDENTS:  
All communications relating to news and editorial matter should be addressed to the Editor of the Bee.

BUSINESS LETTERS:  
All business letters and communications should be addressed to The Bee Publishing Company, Omaha, Nebraska, and should be so marked as to be made payable to the order of the company.

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETORS.

E. ROSEWATER, Editor.

### THE DAILY BEE.

Sworn Statement of Circulation.

State of Nebraska,  
County of Douglas, ss.  
Geo. B. Tschuck, secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, does solemnly swear that the actual circulation of the Daily Bee for the week ending May 6, 1887, was as follows:  
Saturday, April 30, 14,800  
Sunday, May 1, 14,000  
Monday, May 2, 13,625  
Tuesday, May 3, 13,400  
Wednesday, May 4, 13,310  
Thursday, May 5, 14,300  
Friday, May 6, 14,365  
Average, 14,461

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, 1887.

N. P. FEIT, Notary Public.

Geo. B. Tschuck, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that he is secretary of The Bee Publishing Company, that the actual average daily circulation of the Daily Bee for the month of May, 1887, was as follows: For June, 1887, 13,200 copies; for July, 1887, 13,214 copies; for August, 1887, 13,464 copies; for September, 1887, 13,400 copies; for October, 1887, 13,299 copies; for November, 1887, 13,343 copies; for December, 1887, 13,327 copies; for January, 1888, 13,300 copies; for February, 1888, 14,106 copies; for March, 1888, 14,400 copies; for April, 1888, 14,316 copies.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of May, A. D. 1887.

N. P. FEIT, Notary Public.

Contents of the Sunday Bee.

Page 1. New York Herald Telegrams—Specials to the Bee.—General Telegraphic News.  
Page 2. Telegraphic News.—City News.—Miscellaneous.  
Page 3. Special Advertisements.  
Page 4. Editorials.—Prominent Persons.—Press Comments.—Sunday Gossip.—Sunday Club Basket.  
Page 5. Lincoln News.—Miscellaneous.  
Page 6. Council Bluffs News.—Miscellaneous.—Advertisements.  
Page 7. Society Events in Omaha.—General and Local News.—Advertisements.  
Page 8. General City News.—Local Advertisements.  
Page 9. Kaiser Wilhelm's Nephew, by Clara Belle—Swarming with Blackies, a Paris Letter.—Aestheticism in Colors, by Franz Sene.—Advertisements.  
Page 10. Our Minister to Mexico.—Honey for the Ladies.—Religious.—Advertisements.  
Page 11.—Springtime's Sunny Smiles.—Singularities.—Advertisements.  
Page 12. Musical and Dramatic.—Advertisements.  
Page 13. In the Electric Field.—Heating the Bands.—Grouser and Kapiolani.—Advertisements.

RUSSELL SAGE has been before the investigating commission. As a cheerful yet peerless prevaricator, Mr. Sage is entitled to great credit.

HEINZ FALB insists that the earth is gradually drawing nearer the sun, and a collision will soon occur. This is gratifying intelligence.

A MONUMENT to Galileo has been erected in Rome, and neither Jeff Davis nor General Kiefer made a speech, and yet the sun did move.

The inter-state commissioners have returned to Washington. They have suspended everything except the clause providing for their salary.

The newspapers of Kansas City have built a "newsboys' home." The sum of \$3,000 was obtained from merchants for advertising, the proceeds of one day going to the newsboys' fund.

The New York World, in its anniversary number, boasts of its accomplishments. Among other things mentioned is the fact that it brought "Jake Sharp before the bar of justice." What it should do is to get Jake Sharp behind the bars.

A MASSACHUSETTS statesman has introduced a bill in the legislature to prohibit the admission of any child under fifteen years of age, unaccompanied by parent or guardian, to any public show or amusement which takes place after sunset. The father no doubt occupies a front seat at the variety show and is afraid the son will see him.

Our old correspondent, "A Member of Parliament," appears with an interesting letter among our London cablegrams to-day. His story of the late hours forced upon members of parliament, forcibly reminds us of the late hours of our congress, or the pictures presented during the closing days of a Nebraska legislature. Since the advent of Buffalo Bill in England everything is becoming "American, you know." First the Parnell forgery, and now confusion among the lords and statesmen.

The destructive storms of the past few years have effectually disposed of the theory that there is a distinctive tornado belt in this country, and that the west is the only region subject to their ravages. In the past three years cyclones have visited the states of New York, Massachusetts, Virginia and South Carolina on the Atlantic sea-board, and in each instance lives were lost and much property destroyed. Nebraska has been visited by these death dealing storms, yet she has escaped with little loss of life.

"WASHINGTON is more worldly, as bad as when congress is in session," writes a bright young woman, thoroughly acquainted with the capital city, its men and their ways. The young lady is correct. There is more of corruption, social as well as political, in Washington than in any other American city. There are men without number thriving by jobbery, whose very presence in any circle is almost certain evidence of sinister schemes being on foot. There are hundreds of "high-flying" women supported by men or corporations with jobs in prospect, who rely upon those women, who remain there the year round, to do services as lobbyists. A hunt for simplicity, womanly modesty and genuine integrity will prove more successful in probably any other city in America than in the nation's capital.

### Improve the Parks.

As the summer days draw near people of all classes and conditions are moved to think at times of the discomforts inseparable from the sweltering heat of July and August, and to reflect upon the means of relief that may be at their command. To a few the weather is not a disturbing one. Their lines are cast in pleasant places, and not only is their time at their own disposal, but they have the means to gratify whatever determination they may reach as to where and how it shall be disposed of. Such may lie them to the sea shore, if that shall seem best for social considerations or any other reason; or they may betake themselves to some northern lake resort, where the breezes are cooler than at the sea and the requirements of fashion less exacting; or they may go into the mountains, and sequestered there, away from the busy haunts of men and the "madding crowd," commune with nature, finding gladness in the primeval forest and the sweetest of music in the rippling rill; or they may go to other lands, and there at once escape the discomforts of life at home, and gain a social distinction for having been "abroad."

But it is only a few who are thus happily situated. The very great majority must remain at the post of duty, no matter what may betide. The wheels of trade and industry can no more be stopped in July and August than they can in December and January. They may revolve a little less vigorously, but they must be kept going. That is necessary in order that the prosperous may continue in their prosperity and that those who must labor shall not even for a little time lose the reward of their toil. It is this great majority, this army of toilers that cannot stop the daily round, whether the temperature be cold or hot, who are now contemplating the approach of the summer solstice with forebodings of its inevitable discomforts. These are the people who after the weary work of the day in the close crowded room, the crowded store, and the ill-ventilated shops, would find relief and recuperation in some out of door breathing place where there were conveniences for rest and some attractions besides those which nature has placed there. Where shall they go?

Omaha will undoubtedly some day have parks—perhaps several of them. At present there is one, but it is not a particularly inviting spot. Many of those who go there do so because there is nothing better to attract them, and some sort of change of air they must have. It could be made an exceedingly attractive place, and ought to be. The expenditure necessary to accomplish this need not be great, but whatever the sum devoted to this purpose, there is hardly any other way in which it could be more judiciously employed for the general good. Hanscom park is being surrounded by fine residences, it is easily accessible, its natural conditions need not be much altered. But the art of the landscape gardener could be utilized to a moderate extent. Some grading could be done, the existing walks could be improved and others made, and there might be a more liberal supply of seats, of course of iron. All this could be done at a reasonable outlay, and would render the park a welcome resort for thousands. Jefferson Square, also, should be improved. It is only an eyesore now, and being one of the "features" of the city which cannot be concealed from strangers, subjects us to ridicule. As a central "breathing spot" it should be put in condition to meet that requirement. The man who shall bring about these desirable improvements will deserve to be regarded as a public benefactor.

A Bit of History.  
A few of the habitual and hardened liars of the state press have taken occasion during the past two weeks, to insinuate that Curry, the brutal, burly negro who was employed to assassinate Mr. Rosewater some ten years ago, was the "victim of Mr. Rosewater's cunning," "slightly touched by a cane," for which Curry served several years in the penitentiary. These stories emanated from the traitorous editor of the Lincoln Journal. We do not desire to burden our columns with a story which is well remembered by all old citizens of Omaha and the state at large—but to show the utter inconsistency of the reports circulated by the scabs of the country press, headed by the journalistic jackal who presides over the Lincoln Journal, and answer several letters addressed to Mr. Rosewater regarding the assault, we print elsewhere the report as it appeared in the Herald the day after the crime was committed. Editorially the Herald denounced the outrage as a "brutal and cowardly assault," and every honest man in the state knows that Curry was only playing his part in a great conspiracy, conceived by a band of political rogues and mountebanks, to kill Mr. Rosewater, in order that they might continue unmolested in their criminal practices. Those who read the Herald's report of the infamous crime will at once see how inconsistent and unprofessional it is in the Lincoln Journal to print and circulate reports bearing no likeness to truth, decency or justice.

Commemorative World's Fairs.  
France is projecting a national exposition, to which she invites the world to contribute, to celebrate the centenary of the revolution of 1789. The success of the undertaking as a world's exhibition will be slightly impaired by the refusal of some of the European governments to participate. Russia will not be represented, Germany will be represented only to a limited extent, and England is not expected to be a large contributor. The government feeling in all these countries is about the same respecting the motive of the project. As monarchies they cannot give countenance to any form of commemorating a movement in behalf of republicanism. The unfriendly attitude of these countries, however, doubtless will not, as it certainly should not, deter France from carrying out the plan. The countries which have no dread of appearing to sympathize with liberty or republican institutions, with those whose sympathies are all in that direction, ought to give such generous countenance and support to the French exposition as will convince the unfriendly monarchies that they are not indispensable to the success of such an enterprise. France and the United States could together make an exhibition that would surpass any the world has yet

seen, and which would be worthy of universal attention. The republics of Mexico and of Central and South America could contribute vastly to the objects of interest and attraction. There would be more good and more glory from a successful exposition containing the contributions of republics only than from one under the circumstances which derived any large part of its attractions and its interest from the products of nations not in sympathy with republican institutions. It would demonstrate that industrial progress and achievement in all departments of art and do flourish in countries whose people govern even more prosperously than in the nations where they are aided and encouraged by royal or imperial bounties. The French exposition should be purely republican in its character, and from a practical point of view the world would probably be more successful for better reasons.

The idea of a world's fair in this country in 1892, to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, has received some consideration, so far as we have observed wholly of a favorable nature. As such an enterprise would be entirely free from any political objections, no nation could at that score, as in the case of the French exposition, decline to participate in it. That the anniversary of the landing of Columbus on the shore of America would from a sentimental point of view be an auspicious time to hold the world's fair as a commemorative event will not be questioned. What are the probabilities from the practical point of view? The exhibition of 1876 was a success, and all the conditions that rendered it so will be greatly enlarged and augmented in 1892. It is not excessive to estimate the population of the country at that of 75,000,000, or in the neighborhood of fifty per cent more than in 1876. In every department of industrial enterprise and achievement the nation will have made an even greater advance. Progress in the arts and in science has kept pace with all other forms of growth. Not only would every American department exhibited in 1876 be greatly improved in 1892, but there would be a number of additional departments to illustrate what the inventive genius of the American people had accomplished since they invited the world to witness what they had done during a hundred years of self-government. With a much larger population and a more widely distributed prosperity from which to draw the financial support of such an exhibition, its success in this respect cannot be a matter of the least doubt. About 10,000,000 people visited the exhibition in 1876. Certainly half as many more, and probably double the number, would visit a world's fair in 1892 that possessed the attractions possible to it.

These exhibitions have a value more or less important, as incentives to trade. They are grand advertisements of a people's attainments and skill, which are shown at their best. They are useful also as educators. From all points of view, in short, these national or international exhibitions, held at intervals far enough apart to assure success, are beneficial. There appears to be the best of reasons in favor of such a one to commemorate the discovery of America.

General Booth and His Army.  
The Salvation Army held a state encampment in Council Bluffs last week, celebrating the seventh year of that organization in the United States. If the programme was carried out "generals," "colonels" and "captains" were more plentiful in our sister city than they ever were in Missouri or Kentucky. General and Mrs. Booth, the recognized head of the army, were among the crowd, admired by all subscribers.

Just what good they accomplished, if any, we are unprepared to state. Whether the introduction of pompous ceremonies so much in contrast with the solemn pageants and mysterious creeds of the olden time, had a marked effect upon the spiritual pulse of Council Bluffs we cannot imagine.

While the Bee has already expressed its views on the Salvation army, it deserves to be again remarked that the person who is softened or harmonized by the hushed atmosphere which surrounds him like a benediction upon entering a church, cannot associate ideas of christianity with the jumping and howling of spiritual gymnasts beating tambourines and singing psalms to the tune of the "Girl Left Behind Me." It is those solemn and holy ceremonies painting the christian life a sunny flower garden inside the dark and toad-inhabited dungeon of ascetics, which make a man or woman experience an actual change of heart. Temporary reconstructions of moral character do not possess our confidence, for they are effected by passion rather than thought. There is no judgment—nothing but wild emotion.

So far as we know General Booth and his numerous subordinates will not visit Omaha. If he does, and should insist on showing himself, we believe he should be requested to hire a hall, and omit the circus parade portion of his varied programme.

An Unseasonable Subject.  
During the warm days soon to be upon us, when the scorching sun will consume the remnant of the Manitoba wave that attempts to reach us with its cool and refreshing moisture, and sweltering humanity will sigh for the shady retreats of Minnetonka, White Bear, Geneva or some other northern resort. California papers are insisting that the coast is nature's only winter resort. The statement to this effect might be refreshing to the Esquimaux, the Laplander or a weak-lunged citizen of Greenland, but in most any portion of the United States, the claim is a sun-stained chestnut. Because a slight frost happened to nip the oranges of Florida, the California real estate agents are now hurling volleys of abuse at the nose of the alligator and land of fathomless swamps.

The San Francisco Chronicle says of the state of affairs in Florida:  
But, sad to tell, one day there came a frost, an eager and a nipping frost, and the glory of Florida departed. The winter visitor no longer dispensed the nimble shilling or the dollar of its ancestors in that lavish way which had gladdened the Floridian heart. The vast caravansaries which had been built to receive him and his sisters, and his other relations stood idle and untenanted, a howl for the owl and the bat. No more did the beach at St. Augustine's or the beaches of the St. Johns ever resound to the hollow cough of the one-lunged Chicagoan, or the wheeze of the asthmatic Bostonian. Florida's prestige was gone, and the stream of Pacific had been diverted into another channel. Because of the wild speculation of

eastern capitalists in southern California town lots, the Chronicle takes it for granted that Los Angeles, Santa Rosa, Santa Barbara, and dozens of other towns in the sands of California need only irrigation and newspaper puffing to draw countless thousands of coughing consumptives, rheumatic ruins and decaying wrecks to the golden gate.

The truth is, the man who goes to Florida or California, attracted by the advertising circulars or statements of interested parties, is certain to be disappointed. The hired liars who weave sentences to attract and allure tell their tales with Oriental grandeur and unblushingly furnish evidence to sustain their most absurd and untruthful statements. They paint words into the rarest pictures, and frame them with such a surrounding of manufactured plausibility that nothing short of the most elaborate of honest experience proves to the adventurer that he has been deceived. Half of Florida's population was gained solely by the unrestrained imaginations of designing men. They offered the settler advantages and opportunities never existing, and which by reason of location and general surroundings never could exist. Invalids, wild in the desire to find a climate which might restore their vigor, willingly gave their last dollar and found too late that they had been played for "dopes" and "suckers." California is also overestimated, and 60 per cent of the visitors attracted to the coast are disappointed and swindled. There is no section of country entirely free from drawbacks and disadvantages—until a new region is discovered, Nebraska will occupy a front chair as "an all around" state.

A St. Paul paper tells how easy it is for Bernhard, the great actress, to be pleasant and entertaining. It cites as an instance how nicely an engineer named Blaine, who brought her train through Valley Junction to Council Bluffs, was treated. It says: "During the flight Bernhard opened the door of her car and had her dress blown over her head, Maurice Grau was knocked over and a colored porter stepped on the pet tiger and nearly turned white when he saw what it was. It is said that at the end of this fast ride Blaine was given a neat check by Grau and a pass to the Omaha performance."

ADELINA PATTI sailed for Europe yesterday, and the thousands who heard the peerless diva during her last visit to this country will heartily unite in wishing her bon voyage. Her farewell tour of America was a brilliant success, and must long live in her memory as one of the most grateful experiences of her life. Those whose privilege it was to hear her can congratulate themselves upon a recollection that will grow more pleasing with time. Imperially the greatest singer of her time, she merits all the respect and adulation which the American people have so generously bestowed on her.

The Westminster Presbyterian church, of St. Paul, Minn., is having trouble with its pastor, the Rev. C. C. Horroitt. The charge against the reverend gentleman is that his desire for earthly gains in the buying and selling of real estate has led him to almost forget his ministerial mission. If he could only convince himself that there were bargains in real estate elsewhere, he would be a great city. The pastor called on St. Paul, or on the planet called earth, he no doubt would become an enthusiast.

### PROMINENT PERSONS.

Hon. Levi P. Morton is erecting a palatial summer residence at Rhine Cliff on the Hudson river. The size is 115x81.

B. P. Sullivan (Mrs. Partington) is seventy-three years old, but he still supports himself at Chelsea by his industrious pen.

General Fremont and his wife will pass the summer in the west for the purpose of gathering additional materials for an elaborate life of Kit Carson.

Major Kosuth, son of the celebrated Louis, is a very extensive railroad manipulator in Italy, controlling the entire network of Western Italian roads.

General Schenck is hale and hearty at the age of seventy-eight, and to a recent interviewer smiled as blandly "as though he held a royal flush in his pocket."

Martin Parquhar Tupper, the once popular English poet, is now almost entirely broken down in health. He is hardly able to read. He will be seventy-seven years old in July.

Sir Edward Titchborne has offered "The Claimant" a small annuity if he will make an affidavit for publication of the death of the late Sir John Lubbock, Bart.

"Sir Roger" has scornfully refused the offer. Masini, the tenor, who has just left Milan for Buenos Ayres, where he has an engagement, takes with him his private physician, his secretary and two valets de chambre. He carried off this, as he drew away \$150,000.

Patil says that Americans ought to be very proud of Mrs. Cleveland. When the diva was in Washington she and the president's wife exchanged pictures and autographs. Mrs. Cleveland promised to visit Patil at Craig's-nest sometime in the future.

### Waiting for the Mail.

With anxious features, worn and pale, He waits the coming of the mail.  
Each day he asks, with hope and fear, "My letter, is my letter here?"  
And he says, "I have not yet heard from you." "Not yet, old man, it has not come yet." The harmless madman, old and gray, No one would ever drive away.  
"I must see you," he says, "I must see you." But it will come, "I will come at last." And so he waits in silence dumb, The letter that will never come.

Through misty vision of his tears, He sees the long, far-funged years, The past comes up before him there, When he was strong and she was fair, Once more he feels in his true faith, The long pulses of his youth again.  
A strong, strange joy he feels again The old wild fever in his brain: "An angry word, a cruel look, And she has gone and he is alone. Since then he waits in silence dumb, The letter that will never come."

Alas! his poor old wife is fled, He cannot know that she is dead; And he asks, "Is my letter here?" The same old question as before.  
He wakes with morning light to say, "My letter, is my letter here?" With tottering limbs that almost fail, He creeps each morning to the mail, And hears with eager ear and gaze, "Not yet, old man, not yet, not yet." And so he waits in silence dumb, The letter that will never come.

Ab! poor madman even we Are dupes of fickle destiny; He sees the long, far-funged years, For massive that were never writ, We wait to see the harvest grown, And then we wait to see the grain, We seek the harbor north to hail, The vessels that will never sail.

And he waits to see our grain filled, And he waits to see our grain filled, And he waits to see our grain filled, And he waits to see our grain filled.

"The Old Gentleman," Boston Herald.  
Father McGlynn is not respectful. He speaks of the pope as "the old gentleman over there in Rome." The old gentleman has a rod in pickle for Dr. McGlynn.

### An American Exhibition.

Chicago Tribune.  
General Roser has succeeded, on a small scale, in making a great American exhibition of himself.

over there in Rome." The old gentleman has a rod in pickle for Dr. McGlynn.

### Give Him An Easy One.

Chicago Herald.  
Instead of giving Kelly, their \$10,000 prize athlete, a gold watch, the Bostonians ought to present him with a ball that he can hit.

### What New Yorkers Want.

Chicago Times.  
A New York paper tells about "a cyclone out west that picked up a barrel of whisky and dropped it into a prohibition state." But the cyclone that New Yorkers would most like to see is one that will blow a few open saloons into their town on Sunday.

### What Sunday Should Be.

New York World.  
Any law that practically puts the people in jail and they have worked hard for six days is not in keeping with the spirit of the age. Sunday should be a day devoted to worship, rest and recreation, and people should be permitted to select their methods, as on other days.

Less Millionaires in the Senate.  
Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.  
Perhaps if Senator Camden had taken a less lively interest in Ohio politics he would not be this day napping up joy over the election of a friend instead of himself to the United States senate. The odds seem to have turned against millionaires for the senate. The objection to Camden was that he had a great deal of money. Those who would have been glad to support him for the usual reasons did not dare to.

### THE SUNDAY CHIP BASKET.

AFTER the Fourth of July a man can gambol, but he cannot gamble.

THEY are now using what they call sneezeless snuff. It cheers, but does not exhilarate. It is intended for prohibitionists who vote a straight ticket.

DR. MARY WALKER continues to stir around Washington like a big rooster that just came out of a misty store. She is now working upon anti-Chewing Tobacco society.

A PANATIAL exchange says: "Saloons have been the cause of all trouble." The ice cream saloons are about the main trouble just now; particularly to young men of moderate incomes.

HENRY BRIGH, the animal's friend, has printed rules on "How to approach a kicking horse." What has long been needed to fill a yawning vacuum in this world of mysteries, are rules, "How to gracefully recede from a kicking mule."

A CORRESPONDENT writes us: "Is that much stalk raising in Nebraska." The gentlemen no doubt had heard of our wonderful corn crop, and wants to know if reports are true. There is stalk raising and stock raising in Nebraska.

"Why is it," asks the New York Herald, "that Peter Smith, who was hanged yesterday in the courtyard of the Tombs prison, slept well the night before and ate a good breakfast within half an hour of his execution?" He thought that he was getting out of New York probably accounts for his composure.

THE Herald boasts that it is the only paper that publishes Talmage's sermon in this part of the state. The other day one of the rural readers of that paper dropped in and thus addressed the editor-in-chief: "I've just been reading Talmage's sermon, and it sounds just for all like I had read it myself. There's a splashin' an' a dashin' of it—Sartin in it, and just enough circus-bill eloquence to stir up a diemior on 'lection day, I wonder why the parson don't run for congress."

THE New York assembly has passed the bill allowing concert saloons to be accompanied with copious draughts of beer. Fire water and music, as hath been said, possess charms to soothe the savage breast, and it should follow that the exhilarating elixir, known as hop juice, interspersed with strains of heavenly music drawn from a violin by an intoxicated fiddler, is all that is required to charm New York's populace. The Herald made a fight for the bill, and claims, undisputed, the glory of its passage.

TIENNE have not been a great many men in the history of the world who have succeeded in accomplishing wonders more than once during their life time. If every man had succeeded in anchoring his name to even one great achievement, history would necessarily have been built on a much larger scale than it is, and our libraries would have been by this time wonders in themselves in size and matter. The man who spent the biblical three score years and ten trying to corral a wonder, finally succeeded, as is attested by the new hotel, corner Tenth street and Farnam, and emphasized by other evidences in the cellar thereof. In fact it is a wonder that the wonder was more stupendous than was absolutely essential to the perpetuity of the projector's name, and that it would have answered just as well, for all practical purposes, if he had only made the excavation and not filled it with tin cans or allowed it to be used for a base ball ground.

THE unmarried ladies of Newton, New Jersey, have formed an anti-vice association, and resolved to boycott all young men who drink liquor or use tobacco. In view of this high-handed and unheard of outrage, the question is presented how will this matter end? There is that old featherless and comely saying that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and its application is liable to leave the fair creatures of Newton high and dry upon the banks of that river where old maid's virtue is no cause opportunity is wanting. Suppose the gallant gentlemen should order a boycott upon every lady who uses, or attempts to use, for any purpose whatsoever, paint or powder? Suppose the royal edict should reach that who-soever shall practice the savage customs of hazing, or frizzling the hair; or resort to the more hideous custom of maintaining, for man's sole delight, spit curls or pug dogs—wouldn't Newton present a lovely and desolate appearance? We shudder to think of these things, and wonder where it all will end.

With the street sprinkler, the man with the straw hat, and the days when the mercury climbs upon the highest building in town and looks down with scorn upon the corrugated streets crowded with sweltering humanity, the circus season comes. The gentleman who has traveled in all countries, and whose stories would make Baron Munchausen weep, comes along as the advance agent of the "Earth's Wonder." He has grown round shouldered carrying the title of colonel, He pervades the newspaper sanctum and expostulates at random in the hotel corridor. He is the harbinger of one happy day for children, and the old folks are accordingly delighted to know that their stern and solemn duty is to accompany the little ones to see the animals. The circus is one of man's richest creations in the amusement line, and when old Noah started out with his costly consolidation of aggregated wonders, he established a precedent and gave caste to the menagerie business which will make it through all ages the admiration of both old and young.

THE scales seem to be falling from off the

eyes of New York's officials. It has been shown that on stolen Coney Island—the boast of every patriotic citizen of the Empire State—the police have found out the way. The wild beating waves of the wide Atlantic had failed to wash away the sins of those holding positions of trust and honor. An investigation is to follow, and the clamor, the round-a-bout swinge and the mammoth Jumbo—the wonder of every open-mouthed stranger—all have been polluted by the touch of corruption. And they do say that the morals of the famous summer resort, do not reach that high standard of excellence, which it was said of old should be attained. Yet, to the dust-stained and over-burdened citizen of the great, bustling and busy metropolis, Coney Island with its salubrious and seductive sea breeze, will always be enchanting and inviting. To those weary and over-taxed Coney Island, notwithstanding its high prices and low morals, will ever present a picture like the glimpse of paradise the Peri caught.

NEBRASKA CITY is in a state of wild and rapturous delight because she has been selected as one of the localities for a militia station. Major John C. Watson is now needed by the company, and thinks they will be in "fighting trim" within a week or ten days. Among the incidents of the dashing major's experience none perhaps was more striking than the speech he made upon receiving his commission. There was gathered in front of the famous ten-cent store a crowd of admiring and enthusiastic citizens. The major jumped upon an empty barrel, and with all the fire and passion of his soul threw out the following shafts of eloquence:

MY FRIENDS—And when I say my friends, I mean every mother's son of you. The war is upon us. I repeat that the war is upon us. Nay, friends, 'tis no jester's jest, no dreamer's dream, when I say to you that the war is upon us. And when I look around me, and about me and see the smile of happiness upon every face, and realize in its fearful fullness the fact that I have just stated, namely, to-wit: That the war is upon us, I naturally enquire what it is doing on us, anyway! My friends, I enlisted only a day or two ago, and an already a major. As Mr. Artemus was once said, "I enlisted in the militia, I enlisted. The war is upon us. You must enlist. I have just made a requisition upon our commander, for the following cruel implements to be used in civil war:

"One Anierli barometer; 1 artillery—1 distillery, 1 libbo; 1 buttress; 1 pushed gun; 1 canister; 1 elmet; 1 dynamite cartridge; 1 loaded shot; 1 old time, my friends, not to be particular about the rollers, I could list a cylinder-gauge and a half gallon cup. [Prolonged cheers.] The major was serenaded that night by Dr. Bishop's martial band, and it is said that he thought it was the enemy and commenced shooting out the window. It is confidentially reported to us that the major had been shot, and that he was lying in his bed, but he could not have resisted shooting his own brother had he attempted to shoot such music.

### SUNDAY GOSSIP.

"I AM out celebrating a little to-day," said Joe Redman, on Friday last. Thirty years old, with a wife, two children, a son, George and David, and my father, landed on the sand-bar north of the present site of the Union Pacific shops. The trip from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, was made on the steamer Omaha, and took thirty days. My father, now dead, was very fond of Omaha, and always maintained that it was the best city. I once lived to see his prediction fulfilled, and expect to live to see it a much greater place—at least a city of 200,000 people. My father planned the Omaha park on the old farm, which I now own, and which is now within the city limits. We set our stake on the road half way between Omaha and Lincoln. I started a blacksmith shop there, and built a small house. The first winter we lived on corn dodgers and salt, for fully four months. Many a time did my wife lament the fact that we had no butter or syrup to put on those dodgers. But we don't lack for butter or syrup now."

At the recent convention held at Ansley, for the purpose of dividing Custer county, one of the interesting questions which came up was with reference to the naming of one of the new counties—the one in the southeast quarter and the other in the southwest quarter. The name of Cleveland was suggested for one, but that didn't suit the republicans, and the name of a republican would not suit the democrats. It was therefore decided to select the name of some men who were famous for their efforts in behalf of freedom. Accordingly the proposed southeastern county was given the name of Gladstone, and the southwestern county was called Parnell. The county seat of Gladstone will be Ansley, and Callaway will be the county seat of Parnell. It is likely that Parnell could attract many new settlers of Irish extraction.

A VERY attractive work entitled "Omaha Illustrated," is soon to be published by Dunbar & Co. The early edition of this modern history of this city is to be written by experienced writers, but the most attractive features will be found in the illustrations. This part of the work is being done by the best engraving company in the world. The latest process is being used, and the illustrations will be equal in artistic finish to those which adorn the pages of the Century and Harper's Magazine. The finest residences, the best public buildings, the leading streets, and picturesque places are to be illustrated, and the portraits of leading citizens will embellish the publication. No expense is being spared to make the book a very handsome volume in every respect.

The police commission will be in no hurry to appoint a chief of police. The appointment will probably not be made for two weeks, as the commission desires to take time in order to secure the best man for the place. No man has as yet been decided upon, and new applications for the place are being made almost every day. Among the latest candidates is Captain W. S. Seavey, who is endorsed by General Lowe, Major Wilcox, Colonel Matt Patrick, D. C. Stephens, Martin Dunham and others. He was at one time a private from Omaha, and came out as captain. He served under General Lowe. From 1875 to 1879 Captain Seavey was city marshal of Santa Barbara, California, where he made a good record. He is a republican.

Another candidate for chief of police is Major George L. Dennis, who has lived in Omaha six years, during which period he has been connected with the public works as inspector for the city. At present he is inspector of asphalt pavement for the city. Major Dennis fought gallantly for the union, and has a good record, both military and civil.

A veteran Boston fireman, in his anxiety to make a record for the other night, mounted his carriage upon hearing the alarm and drove to the fire, utterly ignorant of the fact that in